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Saturday, *December* 26, 1801.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. XI.

Tradesmen.—The danger of paying debts.—A proof of friendship.—A barber.—How Gregory brought tears into the eyes of a merciless beadle.—Why he turned valet.—His behaviour when Barclay told him they must part.

IN the tradesmen of London there is such a spirit of gambling, that tailors will make you up a dozen suits of clothes, upholsterers furnish your house, butchers send you meat; and coal-merchants coals, with a very remote chance of being paid, rather than lose the opportunity of doing business. Barclay experienced the truth of this assertion; for having run through the wreck of his father's property, he insensibly incurred debts to the amount of several hundred pounds. His insensibility, however, did not last long. The dunning of his creditors soon roused him from his trance.

Rabelais tells us a story of one Philipot Piacut, who, being brisk and hale, fell dead as he was paying an old debt, which perhaps causes many, says he, not to pay theirs, for fear of the like accident. Such, however, was not the cause of our hero's not discharging his. He would willingly have paid them, but knew not how to raise the means without sacrificing his independence.

I once had a friend, who was remarkably fond of spending other people's money, and to this end, constantly borrowed of all he knew, except myself. Now weighing this in my mind, I was convinced that it was the greatest mark of friendship he could shew me, and I made this apophthegm in consequence: Be sure that a man values your friendship, if he borrows from all his acquaintance, and not from you. The thing speaks for itself. I certainly wish to see as little as possible of the man who has lent me money, especially if I am unable or unwilling to repay it. Of course it necessarily follows, that I shall carefully avoid putting myself in this predicament with one I esteem and wish to be with continually.

This reflection in some measure operated in preventing Barclay from applying in his emergency to his friend. He, therefore, by gentle words and fair promises, postponed the day of payment.

He now, however, began to think seriously of some employment that might contribute to his subsistence, and gradually extricate him from a difficulty which gave him much uneasiness. Amidst all his crosses, he still often thought of the fair one he had seen when at Oxford; but he never thought of her without a sigh, and as of one he should see no more. Indeed, granting they should meet again, his misfortunes had left him no hope of being deemed worthy of possessing her.

In a gloomy state of mind he one morning resolved to acquaint Gregory with his situation, and as an act of justice, to send him in search of a master better able to reward him for his services; or, by discharging him, to give him an opportunity of returning to his former trade, which was, previous to his father's taking him to be his valet, that of a hair-dresser or barber.

The breakfast things being removed, Gregory, as usual, made his appearance with the necessary articles for shaving; an operation he performed every morning on Barclay's chin. Such, my fair readers, was the fertility of our hero's beard!

"I don't think any man in the kingdom can shave better than you, Gregory," said Barclay, after he had finished.

"Why, sir, for the matter of that," replied he, "I believe, without vanity, that I can shave as well as the best of 'em. I never had but one customer who complained of me all the time I was in business, and that was the beadle of the parish I lived in."

"Aye," said Barclay, "and why did he complain?"

"Why, sir," replied Gregory, I was told that he was a terrible hard-hearted fellow, who shewed no mercy to the poor, and was never known to shed a tear in his life. He had a very strong beard, sir. I prepared a razor for him, and d—n him, I gave him such a shave!—I proved that he could shed tears,—he shed a bason full!"

"I dare say," added Barclay, "that he did not complain a second time of your shaving?"

"No, sir," said Gregory, "he never came to me again; but did me a great deal of injury in my trade, by defaming me, and I lost several customers owing to it. However, it was a good cause, and I never fretted about it."

"And pray now," Barclay asked, "how much were you able to get in a week by your business?"

"Oh, pretty decent," he replied, "pretty decent. Sixteen shillings a week, without touching a wig: if I had any wig-work I could double it."

"Could you indeed?" said Barclay, "then how came you to think of leaving such a profitable profession to turn valet?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," he rejoined, "I had dressed and shaved your father for about a year, when I fell sick, and could earn nothing. He sent to know why I did not come as usual, and learning the cause, generously supported me thro' a long sickness of seven weeks. I would by little and by little have repaid him, and should have still thought myself bound to him for ever, but he refused it. In a few months after his valet left him, and I offered to take his place. Your father, still thinking he was doing me a kindness, accepted my offer. I lost twenty pounds a-year by the change, but I lived with one whom I would have served for the third of what he gave me." Here Gregory drew the back of his hand across his eyes to wipe away the tears, warm from his heart, that were gushing from them.

"Gregory," said our hero, "you are an honest fellow, and I will not impose upon you. You are now as able as ever to return to that business you were brought up to. I, for my part, have not the power to give you any thing equal to its profits."

"Equal!" exclaimed Gregory, "I will serve you for nothing!"

Barclay could scarcely suppress his feelings. "Gregory," he continued, "my good fellow, I have no money left."

"And do I ask you for money?" cried he. "No; I want no money; I want only to remain your servant."

"In fine," said Barclay, collecting himself, "and in one word, I am plunged deep in debt, and I can keep you no longer."

"Tur—turn—me away!" exclaimed Gregory, throwing the razor and shaving box on the table; "Oh, my young master, I did not think you could have spoken thus to Gregory! Do you not remember your father's words? If you do not, I do, and ever shall—"Do all that is in your power (for I have none), to reward the faithful Gregory." This was his injunction; and how have you fulfilled it? Forgive my boldness, sir,—by doing all that is in your power to break his heart!"

Neither, after this, uttered a word for a considerable time. Barclay was overcome with the affection of Gregory; who first renewed the conversation by saying, in a low and piteous tone, "Pray, sir, don't send me away."

"Well, well!" cried Barclay, "but leave me now."

Gregory snatched up the shaving box and razor, wiped down the table, and was out of the room in a trice.

CHAP. XII.

Low spirits.—A letter from the Rev. Mr. Pawlet.—An advertisement.—Barclay's resolution.—The most common marks of genius.—Mrs. Pawlet.—Hebrew.—How to bring up a daughter so as to make her look upon you with contempt.—A marriage.—The parson.—He is described by St. Paul.—Lord Clarendon's observations on clergymen.—Transformations.—A living encyclopædia.—Mrs. Pawlet's servants sham well when they're ill.—Connubial comfort.—Why Mr. Pawlet is worse off than the devil.

AFTER passing the morning in a very disagreeable and disheartening train of reflections, our hero went to dine with Keppel at his chambers. His thoughtfulness and depression were so apparent, that his friend could not but observe them.

"What ails you, Barclay?" said he, after the cloth had been taken away, "you have scarcely eaten any thing, and are so uncommonly dull, that I am at a loss to guess what is the matter with you." Barclay made no reply.

"You know, my friend," continued Keppel, "that my purse is at your service, and I shall be very angry with you, if you permit yourself to suffer a moment's pain through any false delicacy on that head."

"Oh no, no!" cried Barclay, affecting a smile, "nothing of the kind, I assure you."

"Then," said he, seriously, "what is it that has changed your manner so extraordinarily? Come, I must and will know."

"Why," replied our hero, evasively, "all my thoughts have been occupied in devising some plan for my future conduct: and being unable to hit upon any thing, it has made me low-spirited."

"Pooh!" said Keppel, "is that all?—Come, fill your glass, and leave that to my management. I'll get something that will suit you, depend upon it, before long. But talking of offices, I received a letter this morning, that will make you laugh, and it is on that very account I introduce it. It is from the Rev. Mr. Pawlet, the gentleman with whom the young lady resides who is pledged to me. After giving me a variety of little commissions to execute for him, and saying that my Penelope, and all our friends at ——— are well, he encloses me the following advertisement, "which," says he, "notwithstanding all I could advance to dissuade her from it, my wife insists on being sent to you, that you may get it inserted in several of the papers. Now what do you imagine a man's wife can advertise for?"

"Faith, I know not," replied Barclay, "perhaps for a lost lap-dog, or a lady's maid, or something of that insignificant nature."

"Very well!" said Keppel, "now listen."

WANTED.—A man, if young, steady, and diligent; if old, not vicious nor obstinate, who understands Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek, Latin, and many of the modern languages. His business will be to transcribe the texts and commentary of a Polyglott bible, now preparing for the press. As the person qualified for this office, will, it is supposed, be a gentleman as well as a scholar, he will be allowed to live with the family, and his persevering industry will be rewarded by a liberal annual stipend.

Apply ——— ———

"Pshaw!" cried Barclay, when he had finished, "you're joking with me."

"Upon my honour I am not," replied Keppel. "But I dare say you would have thought so still more, if you had seen the original advertisement, all he could do was to prevail on her to let him alter the one she had written, which, he affirms, would have filled up three columns of a newspaper; and the best solver of enigmas in the whole kingdom would never have known what she meant, or she wanted."

"I'll go!" cried Barclay.

"Go!" said Keppel, "where?"

"I'll go!" he repeated, in a firmer tone, "you need not put in the advertisement, for I'll go."

"What, go and pass your life in copying an old woman's commentary on the bible? Pooh, you're mad."

"Then I should think," said he, "that I am more fit to enter her service. My friend, I will positively go. At Oxford I studied Hebrew sufficiently to be able to transcribe any thing she may have to do, and I am resolved to be her amanuensis. Leave town I must, for now, to be open with you, I owe a little cash to several tradesmen, which I shall, by this labour, soon be able to pay. I can but try it, you know. Will you recommend me?"

Keppel reflected for a few moments, and then burst out, "Ecod, you shall go, and you shall be received there as well as myself. I am shortly going a circuit inwhich there are to be some curious trials, at which I wish to be present. I intended to have taken you, but the case is now altered.—You shall go to ———, and I will join you there in about two months, by which time you will be able to form an opinion of your situation."

"The sooner I go the better," cried Barclay, as if quite pleased with the tho't,

but his haste was perhaps more to be ascribed to the recollection of his *attentive* creditors. "To-morrow, next day,—and then yon know, as I shall be in the same house with your intended spouse, I can, as the poet says, "*interpret between your love and you.*" Recommend me well, Keppel, say that I am a wonder of genius and learning; and add, that like all true geniuses, I am very diffident, and make little or no display of my talents or acquisitions. I shall be able to support that character admirably."

"So, so," said Keppel, "I see you have recovered your spirits. Well, I'll do every thing for you that's necessary. I'll recommend you so that all your little faults shall be overlooked, and your actual ignorance of some things be taken for modesty or eccentricity, while your indolence and imprudence shall be set down as undoubted marks of genius."

"I have those marks strong upon me," cried Barclay, smiling.

"They are the marks," said Keppel, "that lead many, I believe, to imagine, they are men of genius. I know several too in the world that pass for such who have no other index, symptom, sign, or token of genius, but indolence or imprudence."

Having settled the preliminary business so far, Barclay expressed a wish to be let into the character and history of the lady he was so shortly to be engaged with. In this his friend readily acquiesced, to the following effect.

"To describe Mrs. Pawlet to you," said he, "minutely, which might not be unentertaining, would take me weeks, months, nay a year, and I should then do it very imperfectly. I shall therefore merely confine myself to the remarkable parts of her life and character, leaving you at your leisure to discover the rest.

Mrs. Pawlet was the daughter of a dean, who, despising the common style of educating women, had brought her up with all the austerity of school discipline, instructed her in the dead languages, particularly in Hebrew? and, in a word, reared her as if he intended she should vie with the fathers, put all the scholiasts or ancient authors, both sacred and profane, to the blush, and snatch the bays from the male, and place it on the female brow. She had studied, with little inclination, and great coercion, for a long time, but not without success. The end, however, of this mode of education, was, that she became insufferably affected and dogmatical; held every one she knew, relations or friends, but especially her father, whom she soon found to be a weak superficial man, in sovereign contempt, and consequently rendered her whole family miserable. The dean's mind was entirely bent on getting her off by marriage, when the father of Mr. Pawlet (who is now dead,) going to pay him a visit, could not help, as a matter of course, saying many handsome things on the learning of his daughter. The dean, being on the watch, caught at the opportunity, and said——

"Yes, sir, she is, I think, such a woman as we have rarely seen. No one, however great, would be disgraced by an alliance with her; but do you know, my old friend," continued he, artfully, "that I have taken a great liking to your son, who is at present curate of my living in ————, which is worth between five and six hundred pounds a year. He is a very honest, good kind of a young man, and if you like to strike the bargain, he shall no longer be my curate, but my son-in-law, and the rector of that parish. My daughter's fortune, beside, is £. 8000; but that I shall ezpect to have settled upon her."

Old Pawlet was dumb with amazement at an offer so beneficial to his son, and so little expected. At length he replied,

"That he felt the honour in the nearest manner, and that nothing could make him so perfectly happy as what he proposed."

"Nor me!" said the dean, and he spoke sincerely. "Away, then, to your son, and let them be one flesh as soon as you please."

One flesh indeed it was, for the lady was all skin and bone, tall, with a pale, thin, haggard face, and little grey eyes, which were so advantageously placed in her head as to command both the left and the right at the same moment. The strangeness of her dress added to the grotesqueness of her figure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AURELIA:

A SCRAP.

*******It was that part of the year, when Flora's bounteous hand beautifies the earth with variegated ornaments, breathing sweet perfumes in the mild zephyrs of spring—when the limpid stream, just freed from the icy fetters of winter, ran murmuring through the verdant fields—and the musicians of nature hailed the rising lamp of Phœbus, whose genial rays dry up the tears of morn, dispensing joy which animates the world—I wandered forth to participate a serenity so congenial to my mind, contemplating a Divinity that shone conspicuous wherever I directed my attention—This was too delightful an entertainment to my mental faculties not to be disturbed by the stern decrees of fate!—Ascending a small eminence, whence Sol's resplendant beams exhaled the morning dew, with transport I beheld, in an alcove formed by Nature's skilful hand, a nymph, whose soul seemed wrapt in sweet devotion, yet distress was apparent in all her lovely features. Amazed at the unexpected sight of beauty, grief, and such apparent devotion blended in the composition of a female, I mused for a moment, when a generous presumption determined me to address the solitary stranger, and should grief afflict her heart, to exert my powers in soothing her perturbed mind.—Just as I came, the fair AURELIA, whose refined charms inspired my heart with sentimental awe, sunk, fainting sunk!—My ready open arms received the drooping maid;—with tender care I bore her to a bank by which a chrystal stream meandering ran—assidious application of the means again restored to her a transient gleam of life—overhung with clouds of wretchednes:—She kindly thanked me for performing this pleasing melancholy service—her wild demeanor speaking something sad. At length, in accents sweet as Gabriel's notes, she told the circumstance which brought her to the grove—"Young Edwin, noble youth, by heaven endowed with all the virtues which the good esteem, sought in the transport of his ardent love to gain possession of my virgin heart;—alas! too fatal to himself I find, we exchanged our faithful vows of love for love!—Lo! hither oft at dawn the youth would stray, and hither dire revenge pursued his steps. My cruel brother, hateful of our love, sought to implant a dagger in his heart! and oh! in yonder alcove! heavens! what a sight! the breathless EDWIN lies, all drenched in blood!—I can relate no more;—his restless shade desires to meet me in rhe realms of bliss."—Again she closed her eyes, and tranquil slept, alas! to wake no more.*******

J. W. S.

MAXIMS.

Trust not him as a friend who is implacable in revenge.

In public as well as private affairs honesty is the best policy.

ORIGINAL TALE.

The Ruins.

(CONTINUED.)

MARIA remained some time at the window of her apartment, enjoying the delightful serenity of the evening. Her thoughts dwelt on the history of Manston, which he had related; and by an involuntary concurrence of ideas, she contrasted it with her own melancholy story. The resemblance excited strange doubts in her bosom, and she felt desirous of hearing the remainder of his adventures. Her ideas reverted to the melancholy situation in which fortune had thrown her, and while she blessed the kind hand of Providence, that had placed her where she was sheltered from persecution, she anticipated with anxiety her future probable destiny. To divert her attention from the gloomy prospect that fancy painted, she contemplated the vast extent of wood that stretched far away on either hand, and from the striking contrast of light and shade, formed by the umbrageous foliage of the forest, which refused admission to the mild beams of the moon, that shone with uncommon lustre above it, and rendered the scene unusually charming, her bosom, agonized with the corroding venom of her own reflections, felt a greater degree of placidity than had been her experience for a long time. Although, from the contemplation of the grandeur and sublimity of the works of nature, she could derive a temporary alleviation of her grief, yet the tranquillity it diffused over her mind was transient as the passing cloud borne on the wings of the breeze across the disc of the glorious luminary of day. No radical defects of capacity or principle occasioned Maria's fall from virtue, and her consequent distresses; but she always considered in a criminal light, what perhaps ought rather to be attributed to the imbecility of her nature: her innate rectitude of soul, and real virtuous principles, taught her to abhor herself for the commission of a crime, which infallibly must, when known, subject her to the contempt of the world, and degrade her in the eyes of every one. From her lute she derived much consolation, and she now touched the strings to calm the agitations of her mind. With a voice exquisitely melodious she accompanied her lute, and sung the following extempore stanzas, indicative of the tenor of her thoughts.

Cease, cease my heart, thou little trembler cease,
To own the impulse of great nature's pow'r;
Let thy tumultous throbs be hush'd in peace,
And my moist eyes retain the briny show'r.
Ah! see that fearful form, that angry sprite,
That stalks around amid the gloom of night,
Appalling every sense with wild affright,
And beckons me away:
'Tis murder'd Virtue's angry shade,
That points the wound my folly made,
And draws her keen avenging blade,
To shut me from the day.

Ah! when will death relieve my throbbing heart,
And ease the grief that rends my tortur'd breast;
When shall my spirit from its dungeon part,
And soar to realms of never-ending rest.
There no terrific visions shall appear,
To chill my senses with a torpid fear;
Nor mem'ry cause the unavailing tear,
The child of guilt, to flow;
There seraphs cloth'd in robes of light,
With smiles shall meet my ravish'd sight,
And change for day my gloomy night
Of misery and woe.

A deep sigh accompanied the conclusion of the stanza, which seemed to be answered by another from beneath her window. Maria's imagination, disordered by the concurrence of distressful events, was ready to paint the most terrific images, and she almost fancied that the spirits of her departed parents were permitted to revisit the earth to view the situation in which Fortune had placed her. The sigh which had occasioned the responsive one from below, was not repeated; for her faculties seemed to be oppressed with an unconscious stupor, and she had almost suspended her respiration to hear a repitition of the same sound. An interval of some minutes elapsed ere Maria awoke from that state of suspense, to the supposition that it must have been ideal. Her window commanded a view of the ruins, and she had scarcely recovered from her fright, and was smiling at her folly in yielding to the delusions of the imagination, when an object attracted her attention, and suspended her faculties in fear and astonishment. The rays of the moon shone with brilliance on an angle of the ruins, and discovered to her the figure of a man reclining against the wall. Frequent glances towards the cottage of Manston predicted to Maria's imagination that some dreadful evil, pregnant with terror and destruction, hovered over them, and would shortly burst on their devoted heads. Dismay and surprize kept her silent, and rendered her unable to move, or she would have roused Manston from his slumbers, to witness an object which conveyed such strong ideas of impending danger. After gazing around him for a considerable time and as Maria fancied, making very minute observations on the situation of the cottage, without altering his station, he slowly moved from the spot to the dark shade of a wall, whose durability had withstood the all-destroying hand of time, and disappeared.

Long did Maria remain at the casement, wrapt in terror, surprise and uncertainty. The appearance of a man in the vicinity of the cottage at such a time, and apparently regarding with a scrutinizing eye the humble habitation of the once powerful Mercia, was certainly sufficient cause for dread, and afforded a vast field of conjecture. What could have been the motives for a conduct so singular, and have induced him to penetrate the entangled mazes of the forest, where no track announced the vicinity of man, were hidden beneath the veil of obscurity. She was at length roused from her reverie by the clouds, which, charged with elemental fire, collected over her head, and obscured the face of the moon. From a beautiful serenity the night was suddenly changed to extreme darkness, except when at intervals the "the silver planet of the night" would disclose her mild countenance from behind "a parted cloud." The boisterous howling of the wind succeeded to the uninterrupted tranquillity that had prevailed, and the horrid solemnity with which all surrounding nature was clothed, effectually banished Maria's reflections. She closed the window, and removed to a short distance; but the inexplicable circumstance which had occurred, interested her to such a degree, that her eyes were directed towards the ruins, although the most impenetrable darkness prevailed, and hid them from her view. The storm approached with rapidity. The vivid lightning, which at frequent intervals, shot athwart the lurid horror of the scene, often gave Maria a transient view of the place where the appearance of a stranger had arrested her attention. At length a dreadful clap of thunder almost stunned her with the explosion, and the wakeful Maria instantly retired to her couch to seek refuge in repose from the terrifying agitation in the bosom of nature, which the awful elemental conflict had occasioned. Wearied with long watching, she at length, in spite of the raging of the storm, sunk into a peaceful slumber.

JULIUS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMARK—The pomp which distinguishes the great man from the mob, defends him not from fever nor from grief.

Characters.

NO. I.

THE OBSTINATE MAN

DOES not hold opinions, but they him; for when he is once possest with an error, 'tis like the devil, not to be cast out but with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never loses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to any thing it lays hold on. His skull is so thick, that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on the wrong side, just opposite to that against which the impression is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are, the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves: for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. If he takes to religion, he has faith enough to save a hundred wiser men than himself, if it were right; but it is too much to be good; and though he deny supererogation, and utterly disclaims any overplus of merit, yet he allows superabundant belief, and if the *violence* of faith *will carry the kingdom of heaeen* he stands fair for it. He delights, most of all to differ in things indifferent; no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment, and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom than part with the least scruple for his freehold; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into a lighter colour. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which, the French proverb says, is tied faster before it is filled than when it is full; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. His understanding is hardened like Pharoah's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

HUMOROUS CROSS READINGS,

FOR DECEMBER, 1801.

THE gigantic ox will leave town the 16th inst.—charged with dispatches for the French Republic.

The learned pig—would wish a situation in a counting-house or public office.

Corn has risen this last week—about five feet, 6 or 8 inches high.

If the thief is taken in this state—he will hear of something much to his advantage.

Two mad dogs, it is said—shook hands, and parted very good friends.

This is to give notice, that my wife Jane—will be exchanged for good arable land in this or Delaware state.

A dreadful fire broke out—but was retaken, and safely lodged in goal.

The Philadelphia and Lancaster line of stages—will run a foot race of one mile for 30 dollars.

All Europe has at length—removed to No. 73, Market street.

Preliminaries of peace are signed—by me the subscriber, Frederick his ⋈ mark Wallop.

The celebrated Mammoth cheese—sometimes walks on two legs, sometimes on four.

Something has lately transpired—and expired in a few minutes after.

Honour and integrity—fancy goods.

A number of the ladies of Philadelphia—full length bronze and gilt figures for parlours.

Came to the plantation of the subscriber, a dark bay gelding—he says his name is Christopher Mentz, and that he came passenger in the ship Neptune from Germany.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God if once compared to thine,
How mean their writings look. WATTS.

MR. HOGAN,

I have carefully read over J. C's; essay,* as he calls it, on the subject of the Muses; but must confess I do not find any thing he has quoted or asserted sufficient to prove that Urania was ever accounted the patroness of music. I own I was not quite right, according to the pagan mythology, in saying *she never lov'd singing*, &c. I should have said, *she's no patron of singing nor of them who sing*, which comprehends all I meant, viz. that Urania was not particularly attached to singing, and is not the supposed patroness of music according to the heathen mythology. I know as well as J. C. and from the same authorities, that the muses are said all to sing; and if singing constitutes a patroness of music, they are of course all patronesses thereof. However, this I deny; and from a deliberate examination of several authorities, I do again assert, roundly or squarely, or in any form he pleases, that in pagan mythology, Urania is not esteemed the patroness of music, but of Astronomy; unless my authorities are ignorant of her attributes. But to throw additional light on the subject, and that they who chuse, may judge for themselves, I will copy verbatum the article *Muses* from the Encyclopedia Britannica, than which (I expect it will be generally allowed) we need no better authority.

"MUSES, certain fabulous deities amongst the pagans, supposed to preside over the arts and sciences. For this reason it is usual for the poets at the beginning of a poem to invoke these goddesses to their aid.

"The muses were originally only singers and musicians in the service of Osiris, or the great Egyptian Bacchus, under the instructions and guidance of his son Orus; but in succeeding times they were called the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne or memory.

"These are the only pagan divinities whose worship has been continued through all succeeding changes in the religion and sentiments of mankind. Professors of every liberal art in all the countries of Europe still revere them; particularly the poets, who seldom undertake the slightest work without invoking their aid.

"Sir Isaac Newton tells us, that the singing women of Osiris were celebrated in Thrace by the name of the muses; and that the daughters of Pierrius, a Thracian, imitating them, were celebrated by the same name,

"Diodorus Siculus informs us, that Aloman of Messene, a lyric poet who flourished in the 27th Olympiad, 670 years B. C. makes them the daughters of Uranus and Terra. It has been asserted by some ancient writers, that at first they were only three in number; but Homer, Hesiod, and other profound mythologists admit of nine. In his hymn to Apollo, Homer says,

———*By turns the nine delight to sing.*

And Hesiod, in his theogony, names them all.—They are said severally to preside over some art or science, as music, poetry dancing, astronomy. By some they are called virgins, because the virtues of education appear unalterable; they are called muses from a Greek word which signifies to explain mystery, because they have taught things the most curious and important to know, and which are above the comprehension of vulgar minds. Each of their names is said to include some particular allegory; *Clio*, for instance, has been thus called, because those who are praised in verse acquire immortal fame; *Euterpe* on account of the pleasure accruing to those who hear learned poetry; *Thalia* implies for ever flourishing; *Melpomone*, that her melody insinuates itself into the inmost recesses of the soul; *Terpsichore*, marks the pleasure which those receive who are versed in the liberal arts; *Erato* seems to indicate that the learned command the esteem and friendship of all mankind; *Polyhymnia*, that many poets are become immortal by the number of hymns which they have addressed to the gods; *Urania*, that those whom she instructs elevate their contemplations and celebrity to the heavens and stars; and lastly the exquisite voice of *Calliope* has acquired her that appellation as the inventress and guardian of eloquence and rhetoric.

An Epigram of Callimachus gives the attributes of the Muses in as many lines—

Calliope the deeds of heroes sings;
Great *Clio* sweeps to history the strings;
Euterpe teaches mimes their silent show;
Melpomene presides o'er scenes of woe;
Terpsichore the flute's soft power displays;
And *Erato* gives hymns the gods to praise;

* See No. 3, Vol. II,

Poly'mnia's skill inspires melodius strains;
Urania wise, the starry course explains;
And gay *Thalia's* glass points out where folly reigns.

"This Epigram does not, however, exactly correspond with the ideas of other poets, or of the ancient painters, in characterising the attributes of the muses. The ancients had numberless ingenious and fanciful ideas concerning the muses which we have not room to recite.

"It seems (says the *Abbe Barthelemi*) as if the first poets, enchanted with the beauties of nature, occasionally were led to invoke the nymphs of the woods, hills and fountains; and that yielding to the prevailing taste for allegory, they gave their names relative to the influence they might be supposed to have over the productions of the mind. At first three muses were only admitted, Melete, Mneme, and Aœde; that is to say, the meditation or reflection necessary to study; memory, which records illustrious deeds; and song, which accompanies their recital. In proportion as improvement was made in the art of versification, its characters and effects were personified, the number of the muses encreased, and the names they now received referred to the charms of poetry, its celestial origin, the beauty of its language, the pleasure and gaiety it inspires, the song and dance which add to it new charms, and the glory with which it is crowned.

"Afterwards were associated with them the graces, whose employment it is to embellish poetry; and love, who is so frequently its object. These ideas took birth in a barbarous country, in Thrace where Orpheus, Linus, and their disciples, suddenly appeared in the midst of ignorance. The muses were honoured there on the Pierian mount, and extending their dominion, successively took their stations on Pendus, Pernassus, Helicon, and all those solitary places were the painters of nature, surrounded by the most pleasing images, experience the divine glow of inspiration.

"Pythagoras, and afterwards Plato, make the muses the soul of the planets in our system, from whence the imaginary music of the spheres."

Likewise from the learned Dr. Ash, who I should suppose is at least as well acquainted with pagan mythology as our friend J. C. we have the following clear and concise account of the attributes of the muses.

"Clio, the supposed inventress of history,
Euterpe, the supposed inventress of music or the pipe, and of the mathematics,
Calliope, supposed to have presided over music and poetry.
Melpomene, the patroness of tragedy.
Terpsichore, the supposed inventress of the arts of dancing.
Urania, the patroness of astronomy.
Polyhymnia, the patroness of song.
Ta to, of hymns and praises.
Thalia, the nymph gay and ever flourishing."

Now let any unprejudiced person, nay, J. C. himself show us where Urania is made the patroness of music, according to the pagan mythology.

Indeed from the authorities I have recited, and the view given by these authorities of the subject, I think little more need be said. One observation, however, I cannot help making, which, though not directly connected with the point in hand, manifests a gross absurdity. It is with regard to the propriety of a society, professing *sacred harmony* as their object, and at the same time assuming the title of a heathen divinity for their patroness—professing to sing the praises of the *living* and *true* GOD, under the tutelage of a *fabulous pagan goddess!* In what view ought a Christian to consider this? Does it not look something like idolatry? every species of which ought to be held in abhorrence, and against which the Most High has denounced awful vengeance.—But I forbear, as that charity which thinketh no evil, induces me to believe, that this very natural consequence was not contemplated by the members of the Uranian Society, in their first establishment.

T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN all the trifles I have written I have always placed usefulness before me as my chief object; how I have succeeded is not for me to determine—Agreeably to this plan, I cannot answer Amyntor in the style he has chosen, because it could produce neither amusement or information to the public; and I am convinced it would be no ornament to the Repository—I therefore send him the following short answer.

TO AMYNTOR,

IN ANSWER TO HIS CARD.

—Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in SILLY comparisons, hear me speak. SHAKESPEARE.

WOULD fifty productions, all equal in value to the last you wrote, prove that your picture of INNOCENCE was well drawn, or that in mine there was one distorted feature?—When you did not do this, did you do any thing to the point?—Remember, my dear sir, that "*Ridicule* is always a sign of a bad cause, or of want of arguments or capacity for the defence of a good one."

As I have never *intentionally* written a sentence for which I have reason to blush, when you lay aside ridicule, and have recourse to sober reason, you will again be noticed by

J. C.

HILARITY.

Hither! ye, who are troubled with hypo. and spleen,
And wish a mind cheerful, and aspect serene;
All sadness Hilarity *chases away,*
As Phebus the vapours that darken the day.
What folly, to mope, or to pine, or to curse,
Since it makes you more wretched, and your fate worse.

AMYNTOR.

A late writer of some humour and knowledge of the world, introduces, in an ingenious novel, the characters of a libertine and man of chaste habits and deportment. The former is made to say that he should avoid marriage on the principle that it would be impossible to keep the flame of love burning longer than during one moon. The other in reply, drily observes, that this is precisely the case of the man who declines partaking of a good dinner, lest it should spoil his appetite.

A person happened to call one day upon an acquaintance, found him exercising his wife with that discipline which Jobson tries in the Farce of "the Devil to Pay;" and, being hurt at the ungenerous task undertaken by his friend, he begged of him, by all the ties of honour, to forbear; at the same time asking him the occasion of such severe treatment.

"The occasion is," said the enraged husband, "that she will not be mistress in her own house."

His friend expressed great astonishment at the answer, and remarked,—"that the omision was such as he believed no woman ever gave her husband occasion to thrash her for before."

"Ah!" said the husband, "but my wife won't be *mistress*, because she wants to be *master!*"

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN IRISH INNKEEPER AND AN ENGLISHMAN.

Englishman. Holloa, house!

Innkeeper. I don't know any one of that name.

Eng. Are you the master of the house?

Inn. Yes, Sir, please your honour, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, Sir, the fare of Molingar and Ballinasles are the next week.

Eng. I see.—How are your beds?

Inn. Very well, I thank you, Sir.

Eng. Have you any mountain?

Inn. Yes, Sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, Sir, all kinds, from Irish white wine (butter-milk) to burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, Sir, Pat is an excellent porter, he'll go any where.

Eng. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. Oh, Sir, he'd drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

Eng. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call me an odd fish.

Eng. I think so. I hope you are not a shark.

Inn. No, Sir, indeed I am not a lawyer.

Eng. Have you any soals?

Inn. For your boots, or shoes, Sir?

Eng. Psha! have you any plaice?

Inn. No, Sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Eng. I must see myself.

Inn. And welcome, Sir, I'll fetch you a looking glass.

—

A certain master of arts once reading a pompous lecture on the powers of the human mind, defined man as *an animal that draws an inference.* When his lecture was concluded, two of his scholars who did not feel the definition quite satisfactory, walked out to converse about it, and in their perambulations through the town, saw inscribed upon a door, *Wiseman, drawing master.* They entered his house, and after some other questions relative to his profession, asked him what he could draw? to which he replied, a landscape, a portrait, or a history piece. "Pray, Sir," said one of them, "can you draw an inference?" "Why, truly," answered he, "never having seen one, or the picture of one, I cannot." On this, they walked into another street, where observing a brewer's dray with a large and powerful horse in the shafts, before a door, one of them patted him on the flank, and remarked that he seemed a very strong animal, to which the drayman fully assented. "I dare say he can draw a great weight," said the scholar. "Indeed he can, master," said the drayman, "indeed he can, a very great weight."—"Pray, my good fellow, do you think he can *draw an inference?*"—"Sir, he can draw any thing in *reason*," replied the drayman. The two young men were now satisfied, and returning to the lecture room, one of them thus addressed the reader—"Master, we have been conversing upon your definition, and are convinced that it is stark naught, for *we have met with a man, and a wise man too, that cannot draw an inference, and we have met with a horse that can.*"

—

ADDRESS.

A humorous writer, in a London paper observes, that every one has a peculiar Address. The address of young men consist in deceiving women; the address of old men in being deceived by them. With a courtier address is the act of convenient submission; with a woman, dissimulation; with a coquette, being now complying, now repulsive: with a man of intrigue it is cunning, and with an ambitious man, policy. The address of a parasite is shewn by accidentally dropping in at the hour of dinner; and the address of most creditors is to conceal their address from creditors.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

—

The Dessert.

SONNET XI.

—

CHRISTMAS.

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desart cheers,
Prepare a way—a GOD, *a* GOD *appears!*
The SAVIOUR *comes!.....* POPE.

"OH, for a Muse of fire!" the soul to raise,
From world to world, to Heav'n's eternal day;
To catch from Seraphs one inspiring lay
Of their symphonious *Jubilee* and praise.

How would I chaunt sweet hymns of sweetest sound,
Of *Man's re-union with his Maker* GOD!
Whose wond'rous Love & Mercy spread abroad,
Commensurate with wide Creation's round.

Oh! glorious theme! for men—for angels pure!
What mind can fathom it! What tongue declare!
Long, long as everlasting ages are,
MESSIAH and HIS kingdom shall endure.

Welcome, *blest Day!* blest feast of Love Divine,
Be thou my sacred joy, my anthems thine.

AMYNTOR.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

—

SONNET TO SLEEP.

COME gentle Sleep, thy drowsy wand extend,
While night's dim shades the silent world enclose,
And weary nature seeks a sweet repose;
Come gentle Sleep, and to my pray'r attend.

Descend, and hover thou around my bed,
Oh wrap me up in an oblivious shade;
Let no discordant sounds my ears invade,
While on my pillow rests my slumb'ring head.

Oh let no dreadful vision break my rest;
Bid fancy paint to my enraptured view,
Bright prospects, ever changing, ever new;
At least while dreaming, oh let me bless'd.

oft, oh Sleep, I've felt thy tender care,
And trust that thou again will grant my pray'r.

CARLOS.

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 26, 1801.

Marriages.

Hail, Wedlock! *thou happiest station,*
By Heaven and nature designed,
To soothe each ungenerous passion,
Enliven and brighten the mind.
Now, now is the season inviting
All conjugal pleasures to prove,
When CHRISTMAS *with reason uniting;*
Festivity marries with love. AMYNTOR.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 17th inst. by the hon. Jonathan Bayard Smith, Esq. Mr. Henry Baker, jun. to Miss Mary Ustick, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Ustick....Same evening, by John Warrel, Esq. Mr. Robert Daugherty, to Miss Lydia Russel...Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. William Goodrich, to Miss Margaret Johnston...On the 22d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. George W. Helm, of this city, to Miss Lydia Newson, late of Great Britain.

———At Middletown, (Penn.) on the 17th, at Friend's Meeting, John Dixon, merchant, of this city, to Ruth Richardson, of Artleborough, Bucks County.

Deaths.

How serious, is the summoning of Death!
Solemn the moment man resigns his breath!
Awful that verge of dread Eternity,—
To which we hasten, and whence none can fly!
Great GOD! *our leader and our guardian be;*
And take us, when from Time we go, to THEE.

AMYNTOR.

DEID....In this City....On the 21st inst. Mrs. Sarah Lisle, aged 76 years.

.....At the city of Washington, Miss Jane C. Gardner, late of this city.

.....At Kingston, (Massachusetts,) on the 8th inst. Mr. Ebenezer Cobb, aged 107 years, 7 months, and 6 days; having lived in three Centuries. He was born in Plymouth on the 22d of March, 1694. He was ten years contempory with Peregrine White, of Marshfield, the first son of New-England, who was born aboard the May-Flower, in Cape-Cod harbour, Nov. 1620, and who died July 22, 1704.

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that their 15th payment of 25 cents, will be collected on Saturday next by the Carriers.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO AMYNTOR.

WHEN fam'd Amyntor strikes the tuneful lyre,
Kindling in every breast extatic fire;
Warbling in sweetest notes, with grace and ease,
Offending none, but studying all to please:
'Tis then the rival songsters stretch the wing,
And with Amyntor, emulously sing:
Not in melodious numbers, soft and smooth,
Such as adorn thy verse, O! favour'd youth;
But stiff, pedantic, prosaic, and uncouth.
Thy page, sweet bard, with courtesy is fraught,
While numbers flow with elegance of thought;
Thy pen ne'er dipt in vinegar or gall,
Offers sweet incense unto one all.
Soft adulation claims thee for her son,
And hence thystreams of praise incessant run;
Nor could'st thou find a theme more justly claim
Thy wonted pow'rs, than *Innocence*,—fair dame.
Is praise thy crime then?—this is no offence,
Much less, when well bestow'd—on *Innocence!*
Had'st thou attack'd her, ruffian-like, ah! then
Thou'dst been fair game for J. C.'s wanton pen.
But when thou didst her deck in rich array,
J. C. disrobes her of her mantle gay,
Pourtrays her as "a child who needs a guide,
And a protector ever near her side!"
Tells her "she is not fit to walk alone,
Lest she should dash her foot against a stone!"
But if thou dost not walk alone—'tis plain,
Guilt must attach itself—and thou art slain!
Might I my thoughts on thy fair form express,
(Than said Amyntor, I'd say nothing less)
Sweet *Innocence!* heav'n's first-born, native child!
Thou never wast, nor e'er can'st be beguil'd.
Thou needest none to guide thy steps aright,
Heav'n is thy sole protector day and night,
'Tis guilt alone needs "prudence" for her guide,
Since *Heav'n* and *Innocence* are still allied.
No bold attack, nor stratagem well play'd,
Can e'er prevail to hurt thee, lovely maid;
Mankind indeed, may suffer much, and fall.
But thou, *fair Innocence!* art proof 'gainst all.
Say not then, "she's a weak impotent child,
Expos'd to dangers, easily beguil'd,
Unless her patron *Prudence* holds the rein;
And with tight hand, the fickle child restrain."
She still is *Innocence!*—ne'er overcome,
And only quits, when guilt defiles the room;
Scorning to compromise with guilt, and shame,
She is *herself* the *wise* and *prudent* dame.
She ne'er in Eden made a slip, nor fell,
'Twas *Eve*, not *Innocence*, that did rebel,
And when the woman into sin was led,
Innocence dropt the parting tear, and fled.
Proceed Amyntor—still pourtray this queen,
In liveliest colours, and in ever-green;
Still thy kind patronage on her confer,
She's worthy of thy pen—thy pen of her.
In still more radiant beams her charms display,
Nor heed what captious critics dare to say;
While innocent thy pen, thou'st nought to fear,
Tho' critics criticise from year to year.

Abobeko-cracoponoco-pissicaco-katterfelto.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A Reconciliatory Address to the rival Poets,

AMYNTOR AND J. C.

"While choler works, good friends, you may be wrong;
"Distrust yourselves, and sleep before you fight."

Tremendous is the string indeed you sound,
When ghastly horror, frowning all around,
Makes sweetest notes express discordant jars;
And rival poets wage eternal wars!
Mine be the task, in strife to interpose,
And save, if not from words, at least from blows;
Let me the honour'd privilege enjoy
Of reconciliation's sweet employ.
Fam'd bards of poesy, listen to my lay,
Hear, what a mediator has to say;
Nor rashly venture on the strife of words,
Which cut much keener than two-edged swords.
What will't avail you, tho' in smoothest notes,
Alternately you cut each other's throats?
Who wins? or whether profits by those strains,
Which issue forth in wrath from Poets' brains?
Conferring mutually, disgrace and scorn,
As if for ridicule ye both were born.
'Twere better far to seek each other's praise,
Than thus his indignation strive to raise:
Why wrangle thus about fair "Innocence?"
She seeks no patron that will give offence.
For while you strive *thus* to defend her cause,
You violate her chaste and wholesome laws.
Seek not t' outshine in bright poetic lore,
Nor let your mingled flames in contest roar,
Like jarring elements,—or those dread pops,
When Milton's devils hurl'd the mountain tops;
But let your sweet harmonious pow'rs unite,
And in each other's breast good-will excite;
Then shall you prove in every soothing line,
Your sweet coincidence is *all* divine.
Shake hands then, brothers of the tuneful nine,
Let love and concord hence resplendent shine;
Then strife and discord shall be far away,
And *Innocence* shall triumph night and day.

R. W.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

IMPROMPTU

On the Death of GEORGE M'PHERSON, *a Child about* 8 *years of age, who departed this life on the* 16*th inst.*

Just like a scion rising to the sight,
An aspect fair, and promising he bore;
Lively he was;—his presence gave delight—
But now, alas! he's silent—and no more!

The lively hopes his youthful years inspir'd
Are early blasted by Heav'n's high decree,
Those eyes so late by animation fir'd,
Are seal'd in death!—from trouble he is free.

Call'd hence by that Great God, who gave him life,
To happier climes t' enjoy the Source of Good,
(As tho' too perfect for this world of strife;)
Mourn not his loss—'twould be ingratitude.

K.

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE

BY DEAN SWIFT,

On his Caraite's complaint of hard Duty.

I March'd three miles thro' scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand.
I rode four more to great St. Mary;
Using four legs when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tye men
In close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mothers after.
Within an hour, and eke a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf.
Which thundering out with lungs long winded,
I chopp'd so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done,
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:
What mortal else cou'd e'er go through it?

S.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

REBUS,

ADDRESSED TO MISS .....

Three-fourths of the pronoun that Nathan did use,
A fifth of the maids whom bad poets abuse,
Two-fifths of a word our contempt to express,
An adverb oft us'd in commands to progress.

U. V.

ENIGMAS.

A Symbol of enchantment's power,
Two-fifths of human nature's dower
And stagnant water from a shower.

One half a cordial, two-sixths of a fictitious mineral, and fourth-ninths of a holy city, (for the lady's Christian name) and a large male water fowl, altering the first vowel.